Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

To forbid the naturalization of Anarchists, as the last congress proposed, is much like forbidding vegetarians to eat meat and anti-vaccinationists to be vaccinated. I know some good people who believe in going naked—in warm weather. Suppose the State were to forbid them to wear clothes!!!

Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow and the " Public " having united in the assertion that gambling is wrong because success on one side involves failure on the other, Liberty pointed out that competition, in which Mr. Bigelow and the " Public," as devout Single Taxers, must believe, is open to the same objection. The " Public," for sole answer, assumes that by competition Liberty meant the competition of buyer with seller in the same transaction, and easily shows—what everybody knows—that in every transaction freely consented to both buyer and seller benefit. And, after this innocent misconception of my words, the " Public," favoring me with its very best baby stare, finds me " astonishing." Of course I referred, not to competition between buyer and seller, but to competition in the usual economic sense of the word,—that of buyer with buyer, or of seller with seller. In such competition, I repeat, both Mr. Bigelow and the " Public," as Single Taxers, must believe, and in it one's gain is unquestionably another's loss. So they still must impale themselves on one of the horns of my dilemma, either admitting gambling or denying competition. In justice to the " Public," it must be added that, as a rule, it is less naïve.

Roosevelt has discovered a problem which is " fundamentally more important than any other,"—namely, the dislike of the American-born woman (and man) to beget children. His platitudes about the strong qualities —courage, resolution, love of effort, eager desire to work or fight or suffer—require no attention. His denunciation of vapid pleasure, triviality, and luxury would be impressive on other lips, with some real intellectual force behind the sermon. On Roosevelt's it is meaningless, for he knows nothing about the great subject he is so glibly discussing. It is mockery to preach " fruitfulness " to the victims of the monopolists Roosevelt has not the courage to tackle. In them prudence and self-restraint, foresight and the application of " Malthusian " checks, are " fundamental virtues." As for the idle rich, they are entitled to gratitude for forbearing to reproduce themselves. Society has all the political humbugs, moral quacks, ignorant preachers, and cowardly pretenders it can support. Those who avoid marriage or large families will cheerfully pay the penalty attached to their " crime against the race,"—the " contemptuous abhorrence " of fools and windbags. Small families are a result of intellectual and moral development, and with advancing civilization quality, not quantity, becomes the desideratum in population. The American woman refuses to be a beast of burden and a mere reproductive machine, and therein, with her French sister, she gives evidence of superiority. There is nothing discreditable in love of independence and of opportunity for culture, rational enjoyment, and contemplation. " Work " for the sake of work, fighting for the sake of fighting, strenuosity for the sake of strenuosity—this is Roosevelt's absurd gospel. And he practises what he preaches, except with respect to moral courage, of which nature has deprived him. He is a wonderful quitter.

Another labor leader, E. E. Clark (Roosevelt's " practical sociologist " on the coal strike commission), has been giving us his views on boycotting and blacklisting. The fool press, naturally enough, is delighted with them, and hopes that unionists generally will profit by these solid chunks of statesmanship and wisdom. Says Mr. Clark: " If the employer rids himself of the service of an employee, either by dismissal or by filling the place when he has struck or quit, the employer has no right to hamper or defeat that man's efforts to earn a living in the service of another employer by secretly blacklisting him." This is neither obvious or true. What is secret blacklisting? It is merely the communication by private correspondence of the employer's personal estimate of the character of the dismissed employee. Why has not A, the employer, a right to tell B, another employer, that C is a poor or troublesome workman? Must he say it in print, proclaim it from the housetops? His right to say it in print is not disputed; only when he says it in a private letter is it condemned as " blacklisting," and by many of those who assert the right of public and private boycotting! Mr. Clark is not so inconsistent, for he continues: " The employer who uses the blacklist cannot be heard to complain that the employee uses the boycott. The employee who uses the boycott, beyond the exercise of his own free will to trade where he chooses, cannot be heard to complain that the employer uses the blacklist." This is true, but it is equally true that there is nothing invasive or wrong about either practice. What is the boycott *but* " the exercise of [one's] own free will to trade where he chooses "? And what is the blacklist but the exercise of one's free will to employ whom he chooses? Mr. Clark, with the other wonderful moralists and logicians, holds that a man may boycott his butcher, or grocer, or tailor, but not the butcher's grocer, or the grocer's butcher, or the tailor of these two. The notion is grotesque, and that is why it is so widespread.

The death of Sidney H. Morse last February at San Mateo, Florida,—resulting from a paralytic stroke,—brought sorrow to the hearts not only of all who knew him personally, but of all who are familiar with the valuable work that he did for liberty during his long life. Though I saw little of him of late years, he was one of my earliest and most intimate friends. I made his acquaintance shortly after I made that of Josiah Warren, and was the means of bringing the two together, as a result of which Morse became a thorough believer in Warren's political and economic philosophy and at Warren's death in 1874 came into possession of his personal and literary effects. Since then he has steadfastly upheld the sovereignty of the individual in sundry pamphlets. Notable among the latter was that remarkable production, " So the Railway Kings Itch for an Empire, Do They? " by " A Red-Hot Striker," written at the time of the Pittsburg riots of 1877; and the articles signed H. in the early numbers of Liberty were also from his pen. He was beloved by all who knew him, and had a special charm for the young. He was a poet, an artist, and a thinker, and by nature one of the finest spirits ever engendered on this planet. I have never known a gentler, saner, truer man than Sidney Morse.

Mad Judy.

When the hamlet hailed a birth
Judy used to cry:
When she heard our christening mirth
She would kneel and sigh.
She was crazed, we knew, and we
Humored her aberrancy.

When the daughters and the sons
Gathered them to wed,
And we like-intending ones
Danced till dawn was red,
She would rock and mutter, " More
Comers to this stony shore! "

When old Headsman Death laid hands
On a babe or twain,
She would feast, and by her brands
Sing her songs again,
What she liked we let her do,
Judy was insane, we knew.

Thomas Hardy.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Important Caution.

Enemies of this paper having taken advantage of its temporary suspension to establish another in the same city under the same name, all postal communications of whatever nature, if intended for the genuine Liberty, should be addressed carefully and plainly to P. O. Box 1312, New York City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of Benj. R. Tucker.

Publicity for Anarchism.

I confess to being impatient that Anarchism takes so long to become dominant. I think the subject is one on which impatience is healthy, provided it does not interfere with patient work. Slow progress is better by its whole quantity, than no progress; but slow progress is not all right. The philosophical homilies that would make us love the slowness are hollow. It is not true that the people always need a very long time to take in a new idea; or that the truth will be better learned for being slowly learned, and that there will be less risk of practical blunders in its application; or that the truth will be more correctly understood, if it is kept within the circle of the more intelligent brains; or that agitation cannot make public opinion. On the contrary, agitation can make public opinion rapidly; and to spread a true idea as widely as possible among all classes is the way to get it most correctly clarified in the minds of the intelligent; and the stumblings of slow progress, though less frequent than those of rapid progress, outbulk them. We ought to push the cause faster. I am not blaming anybody because this has not been done; it is my fault as much as anybody's. But, adopting the King's Daughters' motto, "Look forward and not backward—Lend a hand," I want to examine the ways of pushing, to see what can be done now. And my special desire is to set others thinking about the same thing, and to see an exchange of opinions. Only, as to those who start with the idea that we should make no effort to move fast, or that, when we cannot use a first-rate method, we should not use a second-rate one, I shall value their criticisms only as I should value those of an enemy of Anarchism. We need the temper that slowness never discourages, true;—but also, that slowness never satisfies.

At present our movement may be said to consist of agitation. This is one of the evils,—that it has only the one arm; and the evil should be cured; nevertheless, our first business may well be to study the business we are already in.

Agitation may be divided into personal and public. For most people, personal agitation—conversation—is the most effective. We have too little of it, partly because some of us are afraid to speak for Anarchism where we are known,—the fear is sometimes justified, but often delusive,—and partly because one is afraid of being a bore with his hobby. It does not pay to be a bore; but, if you once take the plunge of letting an acquaintance know that you expect to look at affairs from the Anarchist standpoint, it will be perfectly natural to present the Anarchist view from time to time when he and you are talking over the topics of the day. Try advertising yourself among your acquaintances as an Anarchist, if you dare; and see whether in your circumstances it is not a man's part to dare. The consequences are not terrible in most cases.

Public agitation may be divided into the spoken and the written. Some brains are built to be reached through the ear, some through the eye; to reach all, we must use both means. I suppose that the spoken reaches the larger number,—for most of those who read a newspaper article cannot be said to be "reached" by it,—but that the written makes a better quality of converts. The written has one advantage,—that it admits of more co-operation. I wish some one who understands meetings, and the talking business in general, would write something luminous about that kind of agitation as applied to the present situation of Anarchism; I am not skilled in it.

If you want to write on Anarchism or any other known or unknown subject, you can; the American Press Writers' Association says so. Send your name to A. C. Armstrong, secretary, 17 Leroy Street, Dorchester, Mass. It would be fit and proper that you should also send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription to "The Boston Press Writer," and it is a pity if you don't get twenty-five cents' worth out of watching this panorama of the Association. However, you don't have to pay; your enrolment commits you to nothing whatever, except that you are willing to have your name appear in a directory of cranks. The A. P. W. A. roll is the best directory of cranks published. However, if you also inform the secretary that you are disposed to write on certain given subjects, such as "Anarchism, Philosophical," "Anti-Compulsory Education Laws," "Peace, Anti-War," or others, your name will go under these heads in the next issue of the roll, and you will begin to receive papers and things, indicating opportunities for writing to the press (or to others) on your topics, with a string of figures in the margin in the form "4 11 44," etc. This means that the selecter of these papers sent them to member no. 4, and he to you, no. 11, and you, after writing them such letters as you see fit (you are not *pledged* to write any), are to send them on to no. 44. It is also your high privilege to start such documents yourself, and send them to whatever fellow-members you wish to set to work. It is also desired that you inform fellow-members when you see their letters in print, or see any result from them.

It is a funny thing, that A. P. W. A., and suffers from a surfeit of such members as make vociferousness do instead of sense. The secretary has classed me as "active," but he must have done it by guess. Still, I have always meant to be more active, and, on the whole, I recommend it. It is a lifeful, growing, evolving body, likely to improve itself in its evolution, and has already, as I understand, done work of solid value on some occasions. I do not like its extreme loose-jointedness; I do not know quite how to take hold of so indefinite a thing to become more active in it; but this quality has one advantage at least,—you need not be afraid that your membership can do you any harm against your will.

Even unassociated, you can help us much by writing. Opportunities present themselves once in a while to everybody, and the public always needs enlightenment. Write on behalf of Anarchism when you can. Remember that the deadliest poison to the progress of an agitation is silence; it is worse than any blunders that you could make if you broke the silence.

But the special opportunity for co-operation in written agitation lies in the possibility of using money, the great economic instrument of co-operation. When an able writer has printed something good for agitation, every friend of his who has not ability, but has a nickel, can make that nickel agitate not merely with his own little power, but with the power of his abler friend. And, while I urge that those who lack ability should not refrain from talking or writing, I would also urge the value of this method of multiplying the personality of the more potent workers.

You cannot expect more than a nickel's worth for a nickel, however. In agitating in print, it is worth while to figure out first what you are willing to spend. Jesus Christ said that the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light. This is commonly taken as an instance of his unimpeachable correctness. I think something might be said on the other side. When the sons of this world go into the proper business of the sons of the light,—saving the world and things of that sort,—one finds out that they lack the experience which the sons of the light have for some generations been acquiring. For instance, in this matter of raising money for a cause in which you are interested. Experience among Christians has proved that there is nothing like setting apart a certain percentage of your income as fast as you get it. The most usual allowance among those who practice this is ten per cent. of your total income over and above the expenses of the business from which your income is derived; this sum to be your normal and minimum fund to be divided among all religious and benevolent causes to which you may wish to contribute. But if one balks at ten per cent. and sets a lower figure, he is nevertheless in the right track, for it is practically certain that he will give more, and give it with less sense of sacrifice, than if he neglects prearrangement and gives what he can spare when called upon. Furthermore, it is commonly found (whether by the blessing of God, or by the advantage of methodical habits, or both) that the

nine-tenths seems to go as far in covering the expenses of life, necessary and unnecessary, as the ten-tenths used to. That is decidedly the only way to do, if you mean to care enough for your public spirit to make it a part of your annual expenses,—if you care enough for the cause to give it a perceptible part of your life as represented in money; and a not altogether insignificant part of the Christian community has found this out. But I never knew a man outside the church who did this. They keep on in the old fashion, whereby a man whose income is fifteen dollars a week feels that he is just bursting with generosity if he remembers having given five dollars to such a cause at a time which he believes to have been within twelve months or not much more. Consequently the amount one can get out of them is ridiculously disproportionate to the amount which their proud consciences tell them they have given. There is hardly an exception, save in the case of those few who throw their whole lives, money and all, into a cause which absorbs their devotion. All honor to those few; they understand how to live better than most of us, who throw our lives into getting a living, and never use that living except to get a living.

But what I mean to say is this: if your income is ten dollars a week, and you lay by in a tin box two per cent. of everything as fast as you get it, devoting the money in this box to giving the people of your town printed enlightenment on Anarchism, you will be a power by virtue of that box, and will feel yourself such; and your ability to support a family will not be discoverably lessened.

It can be used in many ways. Some experienced agitator (Bolton Hall, I think) says the first and foremost thing is to circulate and support the paper that voices your convictions. I think he is right. If you can subscribe for Liberty to be sent to a public reading-room or college reading-room, or barber shop, where they will promise that it shall be exposed to the public eye the same as their other papers, it is probably the very best use you can put that money to. A large college is most likely to be receptive, perhaps; a barber shop would doubtless be the best place, if you can find one that will let the paper lie on the table, but since McKinley's death——. C. L. James says Czolgosz has made the public readier to receive Anarchism; I wish him joy of his improvement, that's all. The public library is more likely to accept a copy of "Instead of a Book" than a subscription to Liberty. Call the librarian's attention to the topics under which he ought to make subject cards in his catalogue, such as Anarchism, Money, Land, etc. Write his cards for him, if you know how and he will let you. But the circulation of either book or paper need not be public. Give a year's subscription, or lend the book, to a person of inquiring mind; it is by no means a wasteful method.

I have thought that I perceived that it was hard to keep up an active agitation in a cause whose organ did not appear and quicken the agitators' pulses at least twice a month. So, if you can circulate Liberty enough to encourage the editor to double its frequency, you will not only spread the good words, but increase your own energy and that of your fellow-workers.

Another thing is leaflets. While on the average the cheapest and most effective leaflet is the paper, there is a field for the little select leaflet. You can print one, of your own writing or another's; or you can buy what some one else has printed, if he lets you know that he has them. Printing leaflets is one of the most expensive ways of agitating. But, when you have printed one, do let the rest of us know its nature and price. At any given time there are in different parts of the country half a dozen Anarchist leaflets extant, and nobody a hundred miles away knowing the existence of any one of them as a possible help to his work. In the heat of the Czolgosz excitement, one of the few comrades who use money as they ought reprinted Tucker's "Are Anarchists Thugs?" It was exceedingly timely, of course; he figured that he could distribute a thousand or two, asked his personal friends how many they wanted, and printed what he could use in these ways. At the same time the comrades in one of our largest cities had raised a little fund, and were looking for a good leaflet; they would have bought a thousand, probably, but they did not find out about the reprint till the edition was scattered and the type back in the cases. It is useless to count on making the publication of an Anarchist leaflet self-supporting; but you can widen its usefulness, and get relieved of some part of the expense, if you make your publication known to those comrades who wish to use a leaflet of that nature.

There is no discoverable limit to the ways in which money can serve us. If you have not energy enough to use the money you have destined to our cause, you can stake a worker who has more energy than money; or you can even hire a worker, and that wherever you please. A man in Florida can hire a boy to distribute in Los Angeles, or a mailing agency to send out from St. Louis, what a Minneapolis man has reprinted from the pen of a Maine man. This is the long arm of co-operation.

Let me repeat: the purpose of my writing is that you, John Doe, should do some of these things, and that you should suggest to yourself and to the rest of us better ways of working. Let us push education.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Is the Boycott Invasive?

To the Editor of Liberty:

I am acquainted with many people, and have reason to believe that there are thousands in Philadelphia, who would not for the world buy even as much as a pin in a certain store of this city. Judging from the declarations quoted in your criticisms of my position, this is what you would call a boycott. If so, I will put on sack-cloth, and with contrite heart confess my error; nay, I will proclaim that in boycotts you advocate a most laudable institution, consistent with the most fastidious conception of freedom. But I never have heard anyone as much as intimate that this store is boycotted. This term, as commonly understood, obviously embraces other specific characteristics, which were strikingly exhibited in the boycott accompanying the late coal strike; and, by consulting the past issues of Liberty, you will find that I had reason to believe that you had reference to this particular class of boycotts when you co-ordinated them with liberty. I will enumerate some of these, as they appear to me. If my impressions are erroneous, I shall gladly accept correction; but, if they are consistent with facts, I cannot see what fault you can find with my conclusions.

1. Boycotts proper are never spontaneous, but either are imposed by some authority or are the tacit accompaniment of strikes, which in their turn are instituted by some authority. They are imposed and raised by commando, and are obeyed by persons who have no earthly grievance against the subject of the boycott. When the said authority raises a boycott, the former relations are again assumed as if nothing had happened. The names of those placed under the ban are published or otherwise made generally known, and individual judgment is not accepted as an excuse for disobeying a boycott-order.

2. Boycotts are invariably intended as a punishment, inflicted by some authority, and they are a most effective form of punishment. To be put under the ban in the former German Empire was a form second only to capital punishment, and the ban of the boycott is practically equal to it. In a district in which a boycott is firmly established, the victim is unable to obtain the very necessaries of life. He cannot walk the streets without exposing himself to cowardly insults, against which he cannot protect himself. Like an escaped slave, he can exist only by the secret assistance of some friends.

3. This punishment is meted out not only to members of that organization from which the authority to declare boycotts emanates, but is extended to all those inhabitants of the district in which the boycott rules who happen to displease that authority. A large minority, if not a majority, of the inhabitants of such a district obey the command for fear of being boycotted themselves, although they owe no allegiance whatever to the organization that declares it, and often are personally opposed to it.

4. It is invariably imposed as a punishment for an imaginary wrong. The principal sufferers are those non-union workmen who dare to disobey a strike order, or those men and women who have the temerity to disobey an order to boycott. Individual liberty is as completely suppressed as it is in time of war.

5. As a remedy for the social evil, they, like strikes, are absolutely futile. They are based upon the fallacious notion that the unjust distribution of wealth is due to the greed and rapacity of the capitalists. The instigators of boycotts have not advanced sufficiently in civilization to know that egoism, in the absence of inequitable authority, is the very cornerstone of ethics, justice, and equity, and that it should be cultivated, not suppressed. Every encouragement of efforts to right a wrong, if those efforts are misdirected and therefore futile, will have the effect of misleading the would-be reformers and of delaying the inauguration of a radical remedy.

Taking into view all these characteristics of the modern boycott, it is simply incomprehensible to me how an advocate of equal liberty can find a single word in their defence. Surely, the absence of physical violence cannot be claimed as a redeeming feature, for, if this were a criterion, libel and defamation of character would be non-invasive. In every other respect boycotts have every ear-mark of offensive despotism, and the authorities that impose and raise them constitute typically invasive governments.

I presume Liberty will concede that, if we had free competition, the general rate of wages could not be aught but just, and that the present injustice in wages is due, not to individual greed, but to legal interference with free competition. If this is so, then no pressure brought to bear upon the greed of individual employers can raise wages in general; the only possible remedy consists in resistance to the government's interference with equal freedom in general, and with the freedom of exchange in particular. Since I advocate that reform, I claim the right to argue from this condition as a standpoint. If you claim that even in a state of freedom boycotts are defensible, you obviously have in mind only that class represented by the one which today exists against the store referred to, but not those which are a result of the dictation of a set of irresponsible despots and obeyed largely from a fear of inviting the vengeance of their deluded dupes.

HUGO BILGRAM.

Before taking up the points made by Mr. Bilgram in his present letter, it is well to note that he pays no attention whatever to any of the things that I said in my answer to his previous letter.

He does not attempt to dispute my opinion, and that of the New York court of appeals, that a man has a right to threaten what he has a right to execute.

He does not attempt to explain his two contradictory statements: one, that the boycott is a scheme to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition; the other that the boycott is possible only by making the people believe that free competition is the cause of the present power of capital,—in other words, the cause of the present rate of wages; the former statement implying that the existing rate of wages is the result of free competition, and the latter implying directly the opposite.

He does not attempt to show why, if the boycott is invasive because it tends to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition, the Catholic church would not be equally invasive were it to change the rate of wages by adding to its list of holidays.

He does not attempt to refute my contention that, if the boycott is a non-invasive act, its influence on the rate of wages must be counted as one of the forces of free competition, since the rate of wages resulting from free competition is the rate of wages resulting from the sum total of non-invasive forces affecting wages.

These were my answers, and all my answers, to the positions originally taken by Mr. Bilgram, and, although they are conclusive in their disastrous effect upon those positions, not one of them is noticed.

What a man does not say is sometimes as significant as what he says.

But let us now see what he says.

He says that boycotts are not spontaneous. I answer that, the spontaneity of an act not being a test of its invasive or non-invasive quality, it makes no difference to the matter we are discussing whether boycotts are spontaneous or not. Anarchism itself is not spontaneous. One man, perhaps, discovers the truth of it by himself; so far, it is spontaneous. But this man goes out as a propagandist, making numerous converts, some of them very much against their prejudices and inclinations; now it is no longer spontaneous, but deliberately concerted. Has it therefore become invasive?

He says that boycotts are imposed by authority, either expressly or tacitly. This is more serious. If this is true, then boycotts are invasive. But is it true? A comes to B, a grocer, and says: "If you don't sell groceries at prices fixed by me, I will burn your store down." Here A is exercising authority; he is threatening what he has no right to execute. But suppose A simply says to B: "If you don't sell groceries at prices fixed by me, I will not buy of you, and I will advise my friends not to buy of you." In that case A is not exercising authority; he is threatening only that which he has a perfect right to execute. When any trade union or other body conducting a boycott threatens what it has no right to execute, it becomes invasive, and may with propriety be restrained. But, so long as it threatens only that which it has a right to execute, any one attempting to restrain it becomes an invader himself.

He says that boycotts are invariably intended as a punishment. I answer that no more than spontaneity is intent the test of the invasive or non-invasive quality of an act. In the case above supposed, A's withdrawal of his trade from B may be prompted by malice, but that fact does not make his withdrawal an invasive act. A doctor who spontaneously declines to treat a man dangerously ill does not, in so declining, violate the principle of equal liberty; neither does the trade union which threatens to boycott him if he does not so decline. Call both doctor and trade union cruel and malicious, if you will; perhaps I will agree with you; but neither is invasive.

He says that boycotts are directed not only against members of the organization conducting the boycott, but against outsiders. I answer that any organization has a right to threaten either outsider or insider with the adoption of any course concerning him which it has a right to adopt.

He says that boycotts are imposed as a punishment for an imaginary wrong. I answer that an act does not have to be reasonable in order to be non-invasive. Take again the case of A's attitude toward B, the grocer. B's prices may be perfectly equitable, but that does not affect A's right to object to them and to withdraw his trade as a means of inducing B to change them.

He says that the boycott is not a remedy for the social evil. I answer that I have never said to the contrary. Nevertheless the boycott may, and often does, raise the wages of an individual or of a body of individuals, and I know of no reason why these should not, by all legitimate means, indulge that egoism which Mr. Bilgram and I agree in commending.

He says that "the absence of physical violence cannot be claimed as a redeeming feature, for, if this were a criterion, libel and defamation of character would be non-invasive." I answer that, if to libel be invasive, then to threaten to libel is equally invasive. It is obvious, therefore, that I do not make the absence of physical violence a criterion.

Having now been more attentive to Mr. Bilgram's arguments than he has been to mine, I conclude with the remark that boycotters are subject to all the failings that afflict human beings in general. They are sometimes cruel, sometimes malicious, sometimes short-sighted, sometimes silly. But it is one of the beauties of the boycott that, if employed unwisely, it tends to become a boomerang. The less need, therefore, is there to restrain it, even were such restraint justifiable. But I have not been discussing those features of the matter. Liberty's recent articles on the subject have been nothing but a defence of the right to boycott, against the assaults of the courts and the press. Because of this defence, and because he thinks the boycott invasive, Mr. Bilgram for a moment seemed disposed to exercise his perfect right to withdraw from Liberty such sanction as his welcome and efficient support had previously given it,—in other words, to boycott Liberty in a measure. In declaring his intention he charged Liberty with being false to its own principle. My discussion with him centres on that charge, and it has been my purpose to confine it to the point at issue. T.

Helena Born and Her Book.

The readers of Liberty in the period between 1891 and 1893 are well acquainted with the name of Miriam Daniell. There was hardly an issue during that time but contained one or more contributions, either in prose or verse, from the pen of this remarkable and gifted woman, whose untiring hand was stayed by death in 1894. It was a much smaller circle of friends who knew anything at all of her close companion and friend, Helena Born. It was not until she too had passed away, in 1901, that she became more widely known through the little memorial volume entitled "Whitman's Ideal Democracy and Other Writings." This volume, edited by Helen M. Tufts, of Boston, contains, besides an excellent frontispiece portrait and a biographical sketch of Helena Born by Miss Tufts, a collection of her essays on various matters of interest to progressive people, and bears eloquent testimony to the spirit that animated her.

In setting forth Whitman's conception of democracy she gives us an insight into her own hopes and aspirations libertywards. Throughout all that she says of Thoreau's joy in nature we catch glimpses of her own intense love for nature and simplicity. In the admirable study on Shelley, Whitman, and Carpenter she still further testifies to the faith that was in her; and what was left unsaid of Helena Born in her writings and by her biographer is revealed in her portrait. It tells us of a beautiful life steadfastly lived, whose influence ought to reach out to all aspiring to live their best.

A passing notice of this life may not be out of place in Liberty; for, says Whitman, "Underneath all, Individuals," and it is on the strong individualities of which Helena Born is an example that the social structure towards which Liberty aspires is reared.

Born in England in 1860, into the ranks of the middle class and its privileges, she early turned her back upon conventional life, gave up her associates, and separated herself even from her family, to follow the enthusiastic lead of Miriam Daniell and give herself entirely to the work of social reform among the poor of Bristol. In 1890 she accompanied Miriam Daniell to America, where her life, up to the time of her death, was one of fearless independence, full of toil, helpfulness, and love.

Starting with English Socialism, she was gradually ripening into a perfect comprehension of the ideals of Anarchism. She possessed in an unusually high degree the courage of her convictions, one of which was the desirability of self-realization and spontaneity of action. She was artistic, practical, and intellectual, and, above all, she was loving and sympathetic. So, when, with all these qualities, she gave her nature its fling, she made of her life indeed a thing apart, an inspiration to all who knew her best. She was "eine Lebenskünstlerin" in the true sense of the word,—an artist of life. There was no standing still for her; she was ever ready for a new experience, for a new point of view, and to leave behind what she had outgrown.

With Whitman she had taken to the open road:

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose,
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

Such was Helena Born. E. H. S.

J. Wm. Lloyd sent me lately a poem in memory of Gordak. If it had been a tribute to Gordak, the Anarchist, I should have welcomed it. But, as it was simply a personal tribute of poet to poet, in which Lloyd himself loomed not inconspicuous, I declined it with thanks, knowing that its author could easily find a channel for his personal expression which his own deliberate departure therefrom had not rendered inappropriate. Therefore I was not surprised to find the poem in "Free Society" of somewhat later date, where it would have passed unnoticed by me, had not Lloyd accompanied it with an introduction in which he resorts to virtual misrepresentation as a means of venting his resentment. Addressing the editor, he says: "I send you for the columns of 'Free Society' a poem on the death of our comrade, W. W. Gordak, of North Scituate, Mass. I suppose, of course, that you knew of him? He was with Tucker's 'plumb-liners' most of the time, and used to contribute a good deal to Liberty, but of late years he has confessed to me a growing yearning and tendency toward Free Communism." There is evident in these words an attempt to convey the idea that, in the years immediately preceding Gordak's death, his political views and his attitude toward Liberty and its editor underwent a change. Such an attempt is unwarranted by the facts. It is true that Gordak's nature inclined him to the Communistic ideal, as all his "plumb-line" friends have long known, but this inclination is not of recent date. He was always a great admirer of William Morris,—the Morris of "News from Nowhere," not the Morris who died State Socialist,—but from first to last he always saw clearly the necessity of placing the emphasis on liberty rather than on communism, and, unlike Morris, he saw in Liberty's economics an adequate solution of the social problem. That his attitude toward this journal remained unchanged to the end is shown by the following quotation from a letter which he wrote to me on January 9, 1903: "I think Liberty (and always said so) the greatest paper ever published in America. Your argument in regard to trusts is superb." And I want no better evidence of his unaltered confidence in myself than his forwarding to me, just before his death, of his fugitive poems, arranged for publication in book form, that I might act as his literary executor,—a trust which I appreciate and shall do my utmost to fulfil. In his letter regarding this trust he said: "It has been the dream of my life to print my poems in book form, for I think a great deal of them. And, in case of my demise, they ought to sell. When I get a little better, I will do the appealing, as Lloyd did. If I don't get better, watch your chance. But, if you don't care to bother, in that contingency hand them over to Lloyd, who very kindly volunteered his services as literary executor a week or two ago." After such testimony from the best possible source, further comment on Lloyd's rather nasty insinuations would be superfluous.

To my recent criticism of the Communists' vindication of individual coercion and condemnation of co-operative coercion I have seen no answer save from one of the least intelligent of their number,—a man whose lifelong accumulation of unassimilated learning has incapacitated him for thinking his way through it. He declares that co-operative coercion is objectionable because it is strong enough to enslave. Whence it follows, of course, that, if you happen to be strong enough to enslave, you have no right to resist. That is what Communists call thought. The prophet Proudhon, in characterizing Communism as "the exploitation of the strong by the weak," evidently anticipated the contention that only the weak may resist.

New York is placarded with huge and flaring posters in which the name of my friend Ernest Crosby figures in a list of five as planning for the New York "Journal" a symposium on success. On seeing them I felt like protesting to my friend against his evil associations, but, suddenly perceiving at the left of the poster something that purported to be Crosby's portrait, I mercifully determined to forbear, in view of the precision with which the punishment fitted the crime. When I saw this man's godlike grace of feature take on from its ill-favored environment an expression of deep-dyed villainy, I said to myself: *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

The Three Candidates.

A STORY OF MODERN POLITICS.

I.

Coaltown in 1896 had been a Bryan precinct. It had given three votes to the Demo-Pops for each one given to the Republicans. The township of which Coaltown is a part had been in succession the banner township of the Greenbackers, of the Union Laborites, and of the Populists; and, as the Republican papers asserted that it even squinted towards Anarchism, it was no wonder at that almost every man, woman, and child in the little town, except the postmaster and the pit bosses, were for the Bryan ticket. How to break up this solid precinct was the problem that confronted the Republican leaders of the county.

Neil McCord, smart lawyer, clever politician, and shrewd chairman of the Republican county committee during the campaign of 1900, made up his mind that Coaltown should no longer be a disgrace to the county, nor be allowed any longer to cast the big majority that invariably landed the fusion candidates in all the offices at the county seat, and also contributed very materially to the election of the candidate of the fusionists to congress. Neil had succeeded in having his law partner, Dug Turner, named as the candidate of the Republican party for congressional honors.

One day, after the opening of the campaign, Neil and Dug met in Grogan's joint at the county seat to drink a couple of bottles of beer, and incidentally to talk over the situation.

"I'll tell you what," began Neil, "we must break up the solid vote at Coaltown, or you will be defeated."

"I am well aware of that," was Dug's reply, "but, as we have tried everything—money, whiskey, and indiscriminate hand-shaking—without any effect during the last ten years, I am at a loss to know how to bust the darned Pop vote up there."

"I have been thinking over the matter for several days," said Neil, "and I think I have hit on the very scheme that will win."

"All right, Neil," said Dug; "let's hear your plan, and let's drink to its success."

They picked up their bottles, and for a few moments nothing was heard but the noise of the beer as it gurgled down their throats.

"Have a cigar, Neil," said Dug, "and then fire away."

Neil took the proffered cigar, lit it, and, leaning back in his chair, began.

"My scheme is to get out a Socialist ticket, both in the district and county. I believe that will divide the miners' votes. Bill Cummins, who held office under the last Pop administration, is not fighting fusion, and advocating that a straight Socialist ticket be put in the field. In fact, he is now being paid by our State committee for that very purpose. We can utilize him in our district to get out a Socialist candidate for congress. If you approve of the plan, I will write, asking him to call a Socialist convention to be held at Plattsburg some time next month. We will drive to Coaltown to-morrow, and look over the ground."

"Who have you in view as a candidate that would be likely to pull the most votes from the other fellows?" asked Dug.

"I think Johnny Gallagher, a Coaltown labor leader,—a philosophical Anarchist he calls himself, which I suppose is a sort of a Socialist,—is the man for our money, if we can get him. Walter Matthews and Gallagher are good friends. Walt has promised to help us in this campaign, and I think we may be able to work Johnny through him."

"How much money is it going to take?" queried Dug, as he took another drink from his bottle.

"I will make out the complete plans to-day, and we can discuss them on our way to Coaltown to-morrow," Neil replied.

He also drank. Both puffed their cigars in silence for a short time. Both again reached for their bottles. Both finished their beer simultaneously.

"Let's go," said Neil.

II.

On the sidewalk of the main street in Coaltown, in front of his book and news store, sat Johnny Gallagher, contemplatively puffing his cob pipe. Along the sidewalk came Walter Matthews.

"How do you do, Johnny?" said Walt; "don't you feel dry this hot day? Come and have a beer."

"I don't mind if I do. Where'll we go?" replied Johnny, as he rose from the sidewalk.

"Let's go to Mike Flaherty's. There's a quiet room in Mike's. I want to have a talk with you."

The two men walked along the street together. They went into Mike's saloon.

"How do you do, boys?" said Mike.

"Fill up two beers," ordered Walt.

Mike filled the glasses, and placed them on the bar.

"Here's fortune, Walt!" said Johnny.

"Drink hearty," was Walt's response.

They drank. Walt wiped the foam from his heavy black moustache with his handkerchief. Johnny wiped the foam from his scrubby brown moustache with his handkerchief.

"Give us a couple of cigars, Mike. We'll go to your back room to discuss politics for awhile. Have a cigar, Johnny."

"I would rather smoke my cob, but I don't want to take a shingle off Mike's house; so I will just smoke a cigar with you," replied Gallagher.

"What do you think about Socialism, Johnny?" asked Walt, after they were seated.

Gallagher replied: "I thought we had already discussed that subject sufficiently for you to know just where I stand. You know that I don't believe in the State running everything. In fact, the State runs too much now, far more than it is able to attend to. I am for voluntary co-operation, or voluntary Socialism if you will; but, as for compulsory, State, or military Socialism, you can put me down in the opposition."

"I am not very clear on the subject myself," said Walt; "I am rather inclined to agree with you that voluntary Socialism would be best. But, aside from that, Johnny, here you and I have been working to elect reformers of all kinds to office for the last eighteen years, and what have we gained by it?"

"Oh! you were elected to the legislature once, Walt."

"There was no money in that. No coal-digger ever got an office in this county that there was any money in. We ought to be practical, and get something out of politics for ourselves."

"I don't see how one can do that without sacrificing whatever little honor and principle one possesses," remarked Gallagher.

"Principle and honor be hanged!" ejaculated Matthews. "There's no such thing in politics. All that's in it is to get there, no matter how. You are inconsistent to talk about principle. An avowed Anarchist, after each campaign is over you swear you will vote no more; and, when the next campaign comes along, you are right in the thick of it, consoling yourself with the vain idea that you are helping along the cause of greater liberty, simply because you helped beat the Republicans."

"You are just as bad yourself," hotly answered Gallagher; "you profess to be a Democrat, yet nearly every campaign you work for the election of some Republican friend,—for a consideration."

"And you work for the election of all the Pops and Democrats when they fuse, without any consideration. But let's talk business. I can get you the nomination on the Socialist ticket for congressman. Of course you have no chance to be elected; but you will make eight hundred or a thousand dollars clear, if you consent to make the race. That's more than you can clear in the next five years either digging coal or in your book-store."

"And who puts up the money?" queried Gallagher.

"The Republicans. Neil McCord wants Dug Turner elected. You can divide the labor vote better than any other man in the district," Matthews replied.

"So they think I am for sale?" said Johnny. "I am expected to take a nomination from fake Socialists at a fake convention, and run on a fake ticket, in order to beat Andy Simpkins and elect Dug Turner. There might be some fun got out of it, anyhow."

"Now mind, I am not urging or advising you to do this; suit yourself. But, if you want to make a few hundred dollars easy this fall, come to my house to-night. Neil and Dug will be there and explain the whole matter to you."

"All right," said Johnny; "I will think it over. Mike, fill two more beers. Let's drink them at the bar. Here's fortune, Walt!"

"Drink hearty," responded Walt.

III.

"Let's sit here on the porch," said Walt; "no one can hear what we have to say, if we don't talk too loud."

"How do you do, Johnny?" said Neil McCord.

"Is that you, Neil? It is so dark I didn't know you until you spoke," said Gallagher.

"Johnny, shake hands with Mr. Turner. Dug, this is Mr. Gallagher."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Gallagher."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Turner."

"Walt, will you fetch those eight bottles from the buggy? We ought to be able to drink two apiece."

Walt brought the beer, pulled the corks, handed a bottle to each, and retained one for himself. For a few moments nothing was heard but the noise of the beer as it gurgled down their throats.

"Now that we have irrigated," began Neil, "let's get to business. Johnny, will you take the Socialist nomination?"

"I have concluded to accept it, if offered," replied Gallagher.

"Good! There's no doubt that it will be offered you. Bill Cummins will attend to that. The day after the nomination you will get a hundred dollars; after your second speech in the campaign, two hundred dollars; two weeks before election day, three hundred; and, if you poll one hundred votes on election day, two hundred dollars, and for two hundred votes four hundred, making in all one thousand dollars. Transportation and other incidental expenses will also be furnished."

"Another thing I want you to do for Mr. Gallagher," interposed Walt, "is that, in case of Mr. Turner's election, you will do all you can to secure him a good consulship."

"That we agree to most heartily," said Turner; "I will use all my influence with the president to have him appointed to a good place."

The conversation then drifted into a discussion of politics in general, the bottles receiving their due share of attention until they were emptied.

"It's getting late, boys," said Neil. "Let's go, Dug."

IV.

The Socialist convention was called to order at the time and on the day appointed, in Plattsburg, by Bill Cummins, lawyer, Socialist orator and writer. There were present six Republican Socialists and five Democrat Socialists, the former brought together by Cummins, the latter by Gallagher. Cummins opened the meeting by denouncing the Fusion Democrats and Populists, and repudiating the charges brought against him that he was in the pay of the Republican party, and challenging any man or men to come forward and show wherein he had ever been a boodler. He then read a series of resolutions denouncing the corporations and the trusts, and calling upon the government to take everything from everybody, and run everything in the interest of everybody. The resolutions were carried unanimously. Gallagher was then placed in nomination for congressman, and, there being no opposition, he was declared the unanimous choice of the convention. In a ten-minute speech he accepted the nomination, declaring that, although he did not believe in the government taking anything from anybody, and was opposed to asking the government to do anything for anybody except to let everybody alone, yet, being a believer in voluntary Socialism, he was willing to be their standard-bearer and lead them to victory. His speech was vigorously applauded by the Democratic Socialists, whom it suited; and the Republican Socialists, who wouldn't know the difference between voluntary Socialism and the pluck-me-store system, thought it was all right anyway. The meeting then adjourned, the Republican Socialists going with Cummins to drink in Pete Barber's saloon, while the Democratic Socialists went with Matthews and Gallagher to drink in Frank Kilty's place. As they lined up at the bar and picked up their glasses, Gallagher cried: "Boys, here's confusion to Republican Socialism, and success to our next president, Billy."

"Billy who?" demanded Frank.

"Any old Billy," put in Walt; "drink hearty, boys."

V.

Judge Andy Simpkins, Fusion candidate for congress, was the orator of the evening at Plattsburg. He was supposed to expound the simon-pure principles of simon-pure democracy. He denounced the Republican tariff, and advocated revision; he lamented the fact that the glorious stars and stripes were being dragged in the mire by Republican imperialists; he deplored the conditions created by the Republicans that were fast undermining our free institutions, destroying the foundations of our republic, and paving the way to an Empire, with McKingley vested in the imperial robe, Mark McCanna as Prince of Ohio, Morgan Dix as Duke of New York, and Matt Quail as Imperial Grand Baron of Pennsylvania. In scathing terms he scored the trusts, and advocated, as a remedy for the evils engendered by them, that the government should own the telegraphs and telephones, run the railroads, and establish postal savings banks. After the speech was over, Frank Kilty, Walter Matthews, and Johnny Gallagher walked down the street together to Frank Kilty's saloon.

"What do you think of Judge Simpkins's speech, Johnny?" asked Frank.

"All humbug and balderdash," Gallagher emphatically replied; "he is just as rank a blatherskite and fake Socialist as Bill Cummins. No Democrat who understood real democratic principles would advocate such doctrines as Simpkins advocated to-night."

"Oh! well, you know that he had to ring in some populist theories to catch the Pop vote," said Frank. "We must elect Andy for congress, or it won't do us any good to elect Billy as president. You are going to pull off the Socialist ticket and help us to elect both, are you not?"

"Yes, I am sick of the whole confounded business. I will write my withdrawal letter to-night, and go to Texas to-morrow to stump that State for the election of Billy to the presidency. One can talk Democracy in Texas, perhaps."

"Here comes the judge," said Walt. "Judge, allow me to introduce to you your opponent, Mr. Gallagher."

"How do you do, Mr. Simpkins?" said Johnny.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Gallagher," said the judge; "come in, boys, all of you, and take a drink on me."

They went into Frank's saloon, and lined up at the bar.

"Here's fortune, judge!" said Gallagher.

"Drink hearty, boys," responded Walt.

VI.

The day after the election Neil McCord and Dug Turner met in Grogan's joint at the county seat.

"What'll you have, Dug?" inquired Neil.

"Whiskey," replied Turner.

"Give us two whiskeys, Grogan," commanded Neil.

"Well, what's the latest, Neil?" asked Dug.

"The latest is that Coaltown has given its usual majority of three to one against us, and you're licked," responded Neil.

"Well, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have saved the nation by electing Bill to the presidency," Turner remarked.

"Um-uh!" said Neil, dubiously; "let's go, Dug."

VII.

The evening after the election Johnny Gallagher was sitting in his book-store, meditatively puffing his cob pipe. Walter Matthews came along, and looked in.

"Come and have something with me, Johnny," said Walt.

"I'm with you," responded Gallagher; "I haven't had a drink to-day, so I am good for a night out."

They went to Mike Flaherty's place.

"How do you do, boys?" said Mike.

"What'll you have, Johnny?" inquired Walt.

"I'll take a Tom and Jerry," replied Gallagher.

"Make mine a gin toddy, Mike," ordered Walt.

"What's the latest, Walt?" queried Gallagher.

"The latest news is that Texas has gone Republican, and Billy has had the stuffing pounded tee-totally and everlastingly out of him. You played the devil with your Jeffersonian speeches down in Texas last month."

"Well, we have the satisfaction of having saved our telegraph and telephone Democrat, Andy Simpkins, from the general wreck," Johnny remarked.

"Um-uh!" said Walt, dubiously.

"The cause of labor and liberty would have gained just as much or as little, had I stayed on the fake ticket of the Socialists," continued Johnny.

"I told you all the time that Billy would be defeated, and that Bill would be elected," asserted Walt.

"Here's fortune, Walt!" said Johnny, as he turned his attention to Tom and Jerry.

"Drink hearty," responded Walt.

JOHN G. MCLAUGHLIN.

Step by Step.

[Edgar D. Brinkerhoff in "Lucifer."]

Anarchists are evolutionists. They believe in the step-by-step method. They would deprive the State of one invasive function after another, until all its invasions have ceased. Then there will be no State and no organized government. The last few steps in this process of deprivation are comparatively unimportant. Nearly all the advantage of Anarchy will have been gained when the State shall have discontinued invading squatters, bankers, traders, and lovers.

Tempting the Terror.

[Detroit "Times."]

"We, therefore, do strictly command you, until further order of the court, absolutely to desist and refrain from in any way or manner ordering, coercing, persuading, inducing, or otherwise causing, directly or indirectly, the employees of the said Wabash Railway Co. to strike or quit the service of said company."—*Judge E. B. Adams*, of the United States circuit court, St. Louis, Mo., restraining officers of Trainmen's Union from issuing order to strike on Wabash railroad.

Brays Adams the Ass,
Pigmy cracker of the corporate lash,
Despoiler of justice, mask of iniquity,
Bogey man of State superstition,
Browbeating buffer for baffled bullies,
Audacity astride authority riding hell bent:
"Toil on, ye slaves!
Dare not cease your task on pain of the law!"

Purse-powered presumption in judicial robes,
With mystifying insolence, stuns and awes
A puling people ruled by judge-made laws.

And terror-stricken Labor stands paralyzed,
His giant limbs with indecision quaking,
His bulging eyes bursting with astonishment,
Wonderment written upon his brow,
And "Well, I'll be damned!" in his menaced mouth.

Privilege the while intensely gazing also,
Doubtful as a frightened hare which way to go.

Will the bluff be called?
Will Labor slink like a scolded cur?
Or will courage come and whisper:
"Fear not. This dastard is an usurper!"
Will confidence splint his languid spine
And brace him to his holy cause,
And prove the power of his passive plan?
Dare he fold his arms and nothing do?
May he not walk the stirring streets?
Or with his peaceful mates serenely mingle?
Has he no right to strike his work
And in his humble cottage stay,
And with his wife and babies play?
Is he less than the oxen of old
Which to muzzle 'twas denied
While treading out the ripened corn?
May he not his fellows warn of the abyss
Where manliness becomes as naught,
Where workers are wearied and wrecked;
Of the hell of greed and industrial slavery?

Impatience pushes the pulse to quickened rhythm,
And prompts the angry arm to strike the challenged blow!
But the arm raised in anger weakens its own heart.

Grip your prudence as in a vise, O men!
And with kindly eyes and voice pitched low
Treat Adams and his law as jest.
If he fret and fume and threaten,
Heed him not; he makes believe.
If he call upon the henchmen of the State
And drag you prisonward, laugh in his face
And call him your wayward brother.
If, in his balked and wrathful power,
He cram the cells of noisome jails
With those who dare rebel to,
Let him not break your fortitude and spirit.
But tell him truly he imprisons but the free,
And the fettered leaves beyond the prison walls,
Nor law, nor cell, nor tyrant's base decree
Can bind a soul who partisans the free.

Who persist, nevertheless, in grinding the faces of men
But whet knives for their own throats!
To a people's patience there is an end—
The beginning of haggard horrors.

Know you, Adams, what I'd do with your injunction?
I'd laughingly paste it on your footman face,
And write across it, in mud as black as your heart:
"One of the fools who tempts the terrible!"

Joseph A. Labadie.

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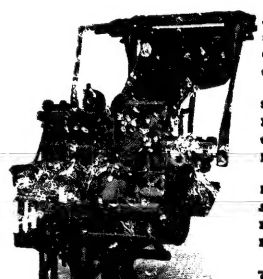

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The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

German Texts for English Readers

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

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French Texts for English Readers

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The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

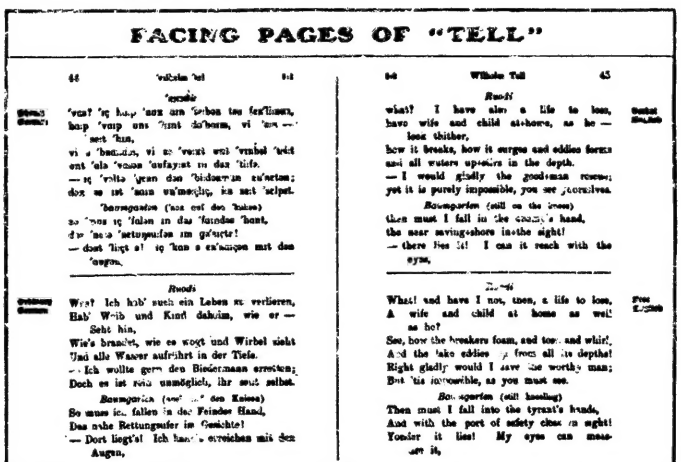
John Locke:

"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:

"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed in curves* ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	b(p)	d(t)	j(c)	g(k) c(q)		(ʔ)
Nasal passage open	m(ɱ)	n(ɳ)	ɲ(ɲ)	ŋ(ŋ)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l)	ʎ(ʎ)	ɫ(ɫ)		
Trilled		r(r)			ʀ(ʁ)	ɢ
so close as to produce friction	v(f) v(f)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ẑ(θ) ẑ(ð)		ɣ(x)		ɦ(h) (ɦ)
	Rounded		ɥ(ɧ)	w(ʍ)		
			j(ç)	ɰ(χ)		
Very close	Rounded		y ɥ	ɯ		
	Unrounded		i ɪ	ɯ		
Close	Rounded		ʏ	ʊ		
	Unrounded		ɪ	ɯ		
Half close	Rounded		ø ɵ	o		
	Unrounded		e ə	ɤ		
Half open	Rounded		œ ɜ	ɔ		
	Unrounded		ɛ ɐ	ʌ		
Open			æ	ɒ		
Very open			a	ɑ		

ː denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*.
ˑ denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
‿ denotes that the sound under it is *mixed*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[ ] denote that the pitch of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
[ ] denote that the pitch of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
/ denotes that the pitch of the preceding sounds *rises*.
\ denotes that the pitch of the preceding sounds *falls*.

Henry Sweet:

"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself . . . It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:

"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:

"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

For WHAT

Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle

that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,

the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts

always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and continuously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text

giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text

corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,

a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text

giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

For WHOM

Designed

For All Students of German,

whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German

(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground*; and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:

and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation

or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:

and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology

who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,

who are interested in the structure of the German language.

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